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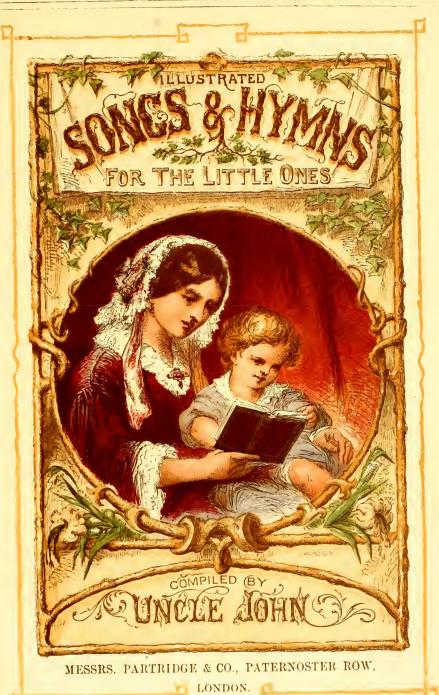
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ILLUSTRATED

SONGS AND HYMNS

FOR

THE LITTLE ONES.

COMPILED BY

UNCLE JOHN.



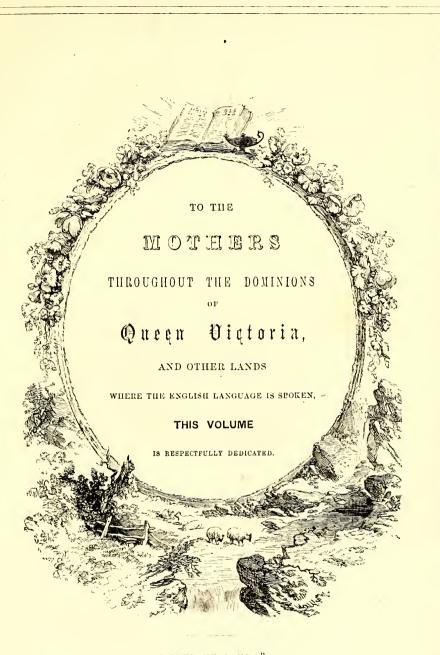
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LONDON:

printed by g. watson, 5, kirby street, hatton garden.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]



"FEED MY LAMBS."



Prince.



OTHERS!

The belief that this collection of Songs and Hymns will, by the Divine

blessing, aid you in the pleasing, yet deeply responsible duty of training up your "LITTLE ONES" for both worlds, has led to its publication.

Originally, it was contemplated to insert one of these pieces monthly in the "Band of Hope Review," and in the course of a few years to issue them in a collective form. Several friends,

however, were very importunate for their immediate publication, under the conviction that they would have a mission for good, and would be welcomed in many homes. I have, therefore, been prevailed upon not to withhold them longer.

It was intended to complete the work in seven or eight numbers, but being urgently requested to extend it further, and having ample materials for so doing, I purpose, if spared, issuing a second Vol. in the course of 1859.

That these pages may be the means, under God's blessing, of promoting the welfare of the rising race, is the earnest prayer of

THE COMPILER.

Barnsbury Square, London.

December, 1858.



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A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Jesus, tender Saviour,

Hast Thou died for me?

Make me very thankful,

In my heart, to Thee.

When the sad, sad story
Of Thy griefs I read,
Make me very sorry
For my sins indeed.

Now I know Thou livest,
And dost plead for me;
Make me very thoughtful,
In my prayers to Thee.

Soon I hope, in glory,
At Thy side to stand;
Make me fit to meet Thee,
In That happy land.

KINDNESS TO GOD'S CREATURES.

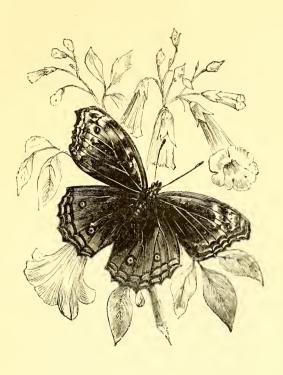
My Father made the happy fliesThat fill the summer sky;He gave the many-coloured wingsTo the gay butterfly.

The birds that hover in the air,

The fishes in the stream,

The creeping things upon the ground,—

All these were made by Him.



And shall I hurt the meanest thing
My Father deigned to make,
Who takes such tender care of me
For Christ, my Saviour's sake?

It does not look like loving Him
To cause His creatures pain,
Or thoughtlessly to take a life
I cannot give again.

Dear Lord, give me a tender heart,
From cruel thoughts set free;
Then, if they come into my head,
I will look up to Thee.

F. P.

NEATNESS.



OW neatly all the seeds are laid
Within the ripening pod;
How carefully the cells are made?—
This is the work of God.

The lining is not harsh and rough,
But soft, or polished well;
Each little seed has room enough,
Within its tiny cell.

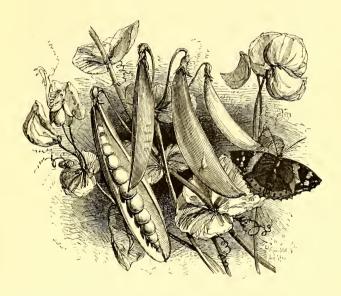
How carefully the sides are closed
Against the winds and rain;
For if the seeds were left exposed,
They would not grow again.

There's no disorder anywhere

In what my Father does;

He condescends to make with care

The smallest flower that grows.



Be, therefore, neat, my little friend,
In everything you do;
And it shall to your comfort tend,
And to your profit too.
F. P.



THE BIRD'S NEST.

Will you take the nest away,
From beneath the hawthorn spray,
And the poor bird's labour spoil,
After all her pains and toil?

She has only flown for food,
For her young and tender brood;
Think, oh think, how she will moan,
When she finds her darlings gone.

Patiently for many a day,
When the sunshine looked so gay,
On the little eggs she sat,—
Will you not remember that?

And her faithful mate would sit Near her with his joyous twit; Singing, all the livelong day, Pretty songs of shining May.

Little birds, shall all your care

Now be changed to sad despair?

Who would take the nest away

From the twinkling hawthorn spray? F. P.





LOVE THE BIBLE.

Oн, love the blessed Book,

To wandering sinners given,

To teach them all about the road

That leads from earth to heaven.

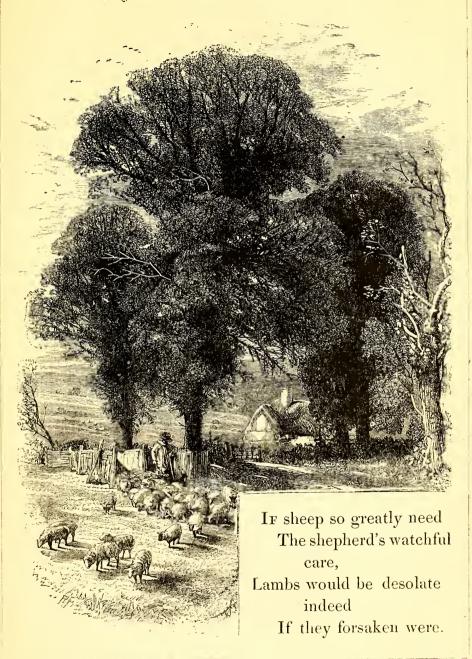
It tells of Him who died,
Our peace with God to make;
It shows how God is satisfied
With sinners for His sake.

It shows us what to do,

If we with Christ would dwell,
So plainly, that a child may know,
Who only reads it well.

F. P.

THE SHEEP AND THE LAMBS.



They know not where to go
Unless he leads them on;
Know not where sweetest herbs do grow,
Or clearest waters run.

None but the shepherd's arm

His little lambs could keep

From every danger and alarm

That might dismay the sheep.

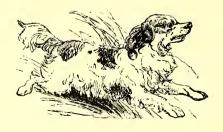
When in his arms they lie,

Then only are they strong;

Or when they feed, beneath his eye,

Amid the fleecy throng.

Thou art the Shepherd, Lord,
And I, thy little lamb;
I'm safe if Thou thy help afford,
However weak I am. F. P.





DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little Cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower
I'd better not grow up;"—
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell,
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell.

Suppose the glistening Dew-drop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away."
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little Breezes,
Upon a summer's day, Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
That heard them talking so.

How many deeds of kindness

A little child may do;

Although it has so little strength,

And little wisdom too.

It wants a loving spirit

Much more than strength, to prove

How many things a child may do

For others by its love.

F. P.



OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

When I my parents disobey
In spite of all their love,
How can I kneel at night to pray
To Him who reigns above?

I dearly love them both, and yetWhen evil tempers rise,Too often I their love forget,And God's commands despise.

Am I my Heavenly Father's child When His commands I break, And can I sleep unreconciled, And happily awake?

I bless His name, this need not be,For Jesus Christ has died—His blood can plead for sinful me;His blood my sins can hide.

And He, if I am really His,

Will help me every day,

And make me feel how sweet it is

His precepts to obey.

F. P.



THE SLEEPING INFANT.

Husн! Upon its mother's knee Baby dear lies sleeping: Now we all must quiet be, On soft tiptoe creeping.

We may kiss its hand, and peep
At each pretty feature,
But must not disturb its sleep—
Lovely little creature!

See its dimpled arms, so fair,
Smooth, and round, and waxen;
And, beneath the cap, its hair
All so soft and flaxen.

By and bye, when he has grown,

He will laugh and prattle,

Walk about the room alone,

With his horse and rattle.

In the garden he shall play
'Mong the pretty flowers,
And, with loving sisters gay,
Spend the pleasant hours.

Then we'll set him in the swing,
(But not to turn him over,)
Dance hand in hand, in merry ring,
And roll him in the clover.

God protect our cherub dear,
Our lovely baby brother,
And many a long and happy year
Preserve us for each other. s.w.p.



THE CHICKENS.

You pretty little chickens,
So soft and round and small;
What makes you run so quickly?
I want to count you all.

Stop here, you little tiny,

And answer me, I beg;

Come tell me how you managed

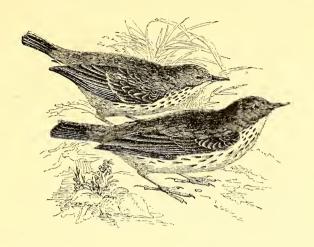
To creep out of the egg?

Do let me stoop to touch you;
You need not be afraid!
I would not dare to hurt you,
Whom God, my Father, made.

But hark! the hen is calling,
She trembles for her brood,
Perhaps she wants to give them
Some little grains for food.

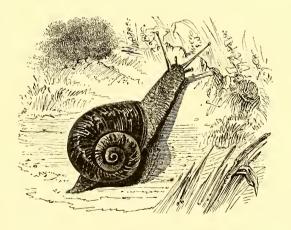
Just one stroke more—quite gently
Upon their downy wings,
And then you must not keep them,
Poor little frightened things! F. P.





WHAT I WAS MADE FOR.

God made the little Bird to sing
Up in the tree so tall;
He made the castled Snail to cling
Close to the garden wall.



He made the Flower to charm the eye,And scent the air around;He made the Tree so broad and high,To shadow all the ground.

He made the Stars to cheer the night,And you dark sky adorn;He made the Sun, so warm and bright,To ripen well the corn.

I cannot twinkle like a Star,Or blossom like the Flowers;But God hath made me greater far,And given me nobler powers.

Affection, reason, knowledge, will,

Lord, thou hast given to me;

Then shall not each, Thy law fulfil,

And all be used for Thee? s. w. p.

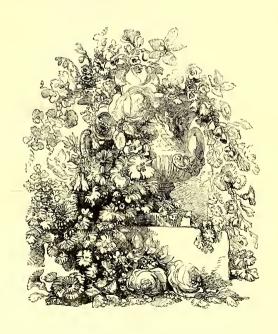


How can a young sinful heart
Bring forth flowers of love,
If the Lord do not impart
Sunshine from above?

Love, and gentleness, and peace,
Are the Saviour's flowers;
He himself brought forth all these,
In this world of ours.

Oh, how patient and how kind
Jesus used to be!
He will put His gentle mind,
If I ask—in me.

F. P.





NOAH'S DOVE.

When Noah had been long shut in,
And thought the earth was dry;
He sent a dove, to fly for him
Into the open sky.

The raven he had sent before,
Returned not to the ark;
The gentle dove no safety saw,
For all was drear and dark.

If, like the dove, I wander forthInto the stormy sky,Out of the ark there's only wrathFor sinners such as I.

Christ, like the ark, the refuge is,

For sinners lost like me;

Without are floods and stormy skies,

In Him I safe shall be.

Dear Lord, look forth and take me in,
As Noah took the dove:
Let me not perish in my sin,
But save me in Thy love.

F. P.





THE ROSE.

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower!

The glory of April and May!

But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,

And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,

Above all the flowers of the field; [lost,

When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are

Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,

Though they bloom and look gay like the rose:
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain;

Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

DR. WATTS.





LITTLE ALICE'S BIRTH-DAY HYMN.

Another birth-day, Lord, I see;
How very thankful I should be!
I thank Thee for each mercy shown
Throughout the year that now has flown.

A birth-day gift I humbly claim (I ask it in the Saviour's name)—
Thy Holy Spirit let it be,
Oh, may it now descend on me!

Fill my young heart with light and love,
Fixing my hopes on things above;
And on this birth-day visit me,
That I may give myself to Thee!

s. y.





MY BABY BROTHER.

Let me come and kiss the baby,
On his little lips, like this;
I am sure I shall not wake him
By one soft and gentle kiss.

How I love to see him smiling,Pretty little baby boy!When his merry eyes are glancing,And he clasps his hands for joy.

When he grows a little older,
And can run about with me,
I will play with him so gently,
And will watch him carefully.

Lord, look down with grace and pity,
Little children are Thy care;
Through this world of fear and danger,
Both of us to glory bear.

F. P.





THE MOUNTAIN RILL.

How pleasant, on a sunny day,

To rest beside the brook,

And watch the ripples, as they play,

Down in some shady nook.

To drink the clear cool water, as

It busily flows by;

Or, stretched upon the pleasant grass,

To gaze into the sky.

To watch the rushes bend and rise
In the hot summer air;
The fishes leap—the water-flies—
The banks reflected there.

And, better than the best of these,To those that love the Lord,To think of the great promisesHe gives us in His word.





MY LITTLE BROTHER.

I must not tease my brother:

He's not so old as I,

And if I cross and vex him,

'Twill make him fret and cry.

No, I will try to please him,

And join in all his play,

Will soothe him in his sorrows,

And wipe his tears away.

Whatever others give me,
An apple, cake, or pear,
I won't eat all, so greedy,
But he shall have a share.

And when at eve he's sleeping,
So quietly I'll creep,
And stooping o'er his cradle,
Will kiss him while asleep.

S. W. P.

THE "TRY COMPANY."

John loves, above all things, to ride In a railway train by his parents' side; And one fine morning thus rode he, With a tiny parcel on his knee.

The parcel with a cord was bound,
That tied it close, all round and round,
And with so tight a knot was tied
That all his efforts it defied.

A traveller sat smiling by,
And watched the child with curious eye:
"You can't," said he, "my little man;
Here, cut it: that's the better plan."



"Thank you," said John, "no knife I want, Papa won't let me say 'I can't;' I shall succeed, Sir, by-and-bye, I'm one of the 'Try Company.'"

And John set hard to work again,
Nor were his efforts long in vain;
The cord began to loosen fast,
And so "try" gained the day at last.

S. W. P.

PRAYER FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

Jesus, love me, make me good,

Take my naughty heart away;

Jesus, teach me, for I would

Love Thee better every day.

Thine, dear Saviour, I would be;
Always gentle; always kind;
Make me, Jesus, just like Thee,
In my heart, and in my mind.

But a little child I am,
Yet, sweet Jesus, I do know,
I may be a little lamb
In thy sheepfold here below.

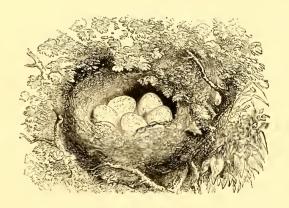
Keep me, Jesus, while I live;Take me, Jesus, when I die;And my little spirit giveA happy home with Thee on high.

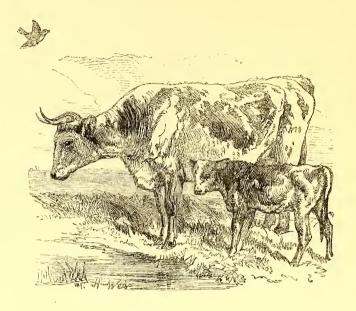
ERNEST LEE.



WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

To-whit! To-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole five eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

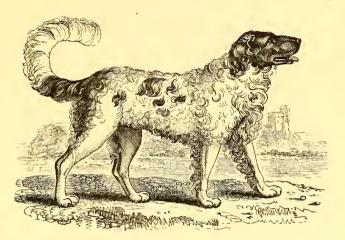




Not I, said the Cow, Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do,
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away;
Not I, said the cow, Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.

To-whit, To-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole five eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?





Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!

Now what do you think?

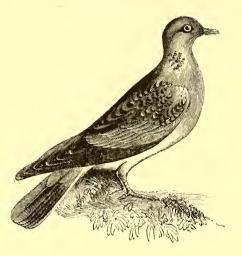
Who stole a nest away

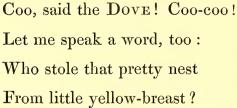
From the plum-tree to-day?

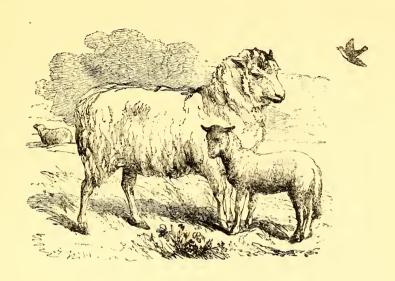
Not I, said the Dog, Bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow,
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I, said the dog, Bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow.

To-whit! To-whit! To-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole five eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?







Not I, said the Sheep; oh no!

I would n't treat a poor bird so;

I gave wool the nest to line,

But the nest was none of mine.

Baa! Baa! said the sheep, oh no!

I would n't treat a poor bird so.

To-whit! To-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole five eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

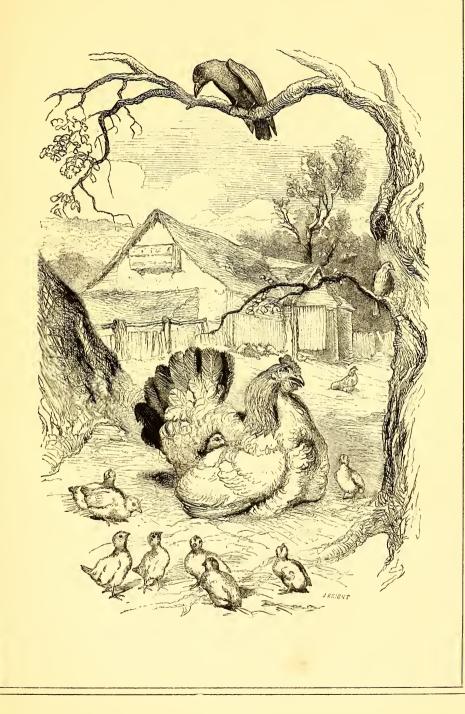
Caw! Caw! cried the Crow,
I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?

Cluck! cluck! said the Hen,
Don't ask me again.
Why, I have n't a chick
Would do such a trick!

We each gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! cluck! said the hen,
Don't ask me again.

Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
We will make a great stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry "For shame!"





I would not rob a bird,
Said little Mary Green;
I think I never heard
Of any thing so mean.



'Tis very cruel, too,
Said little Alice Neal;
I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;



For he stole that pretty nest,
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He did n't like to tell his name.

MARIA L. CHILD.



ON PRAYER.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexprest;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,

The falling of a tear;

The upward glancing of an eye,

When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer—the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,

The Christian's native air;

His watch-word at the gate of death,—

He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels-in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold he prays!"



O thou by whom we come to God,

The life, the truth, the way;

The path of prayer Thyself hast trod—

Lord, teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

FEEDING THE POULTRY.

Every morning gentle Kate,
With barley-basket on her arm,
Seeks, with John, the garden gate,
To feed the poultry of the farm.

For faithful Susan, true and kind,
Has long ago impressed with care
Her lessons on their youthful mind,
Of love to all things everywhere.

And well the poultry know the hour,

And round the door impatient throng,

Till Kate's kind hands the barley shower

The little chickens all among.

See how they scramble for the grains,

The hens at leisure standing by;

While the bold cock aloof remains—

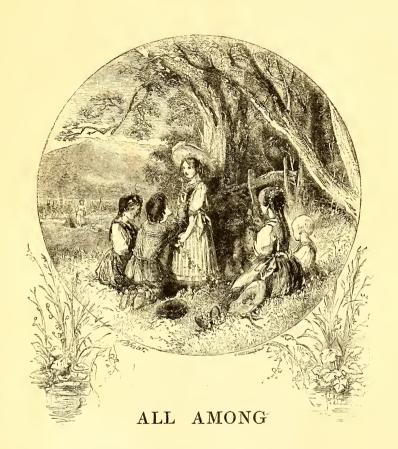
Grave father of the family.

Well may they love you, gentle Kate;
Good deeds are never thrown away:
We show no kindnesses but straight
They back return another day.

S. W. P.







THE BUTTERCUPS.

All among the buttercups,
All among the hay—
Oh, that spring would come again
With its merry May!

Hasten summer's pleasant days,
Summer's pleasant hours;
Send us back the butterflies,
And the pretty flowers.

Yes, bright days will come again;
Winter soon will go:
And the smiling sun shall melt
All this dreary snow.
Then, beside the flowing stream,
Merrily we'll play,
All among the buttercups,
All among the hay.

s. w. p.





SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

While many a child in heathen lands
Of Jesus never heard,
In happy Britain we are taught
To know and fear the Lord.

While there the little children bow
To gods of stone and wood,
The Bible here to us reveals
The true and only God.

How glad and grateful should we be
That we are taught so plain;
And oh, how deeply should we fear
Lest we be taught in vain!

The light and knowledge we possess,

To us so freely given,

Will but increase our sin and shame
Unless it lead to heaven.

Lord, may we love the truth we learn,
The Saviour's laws obey;
And, as we're taught in wisdom's school,
Be found in wisdom's way.

s. w. P.





THANKFULNESS.

I love my pleasant cottage home,
Beneath the spreading trees;
I love about the lanes to roam,
And wander in the breeze.

How sweet the roses on the wall,

The beds of flowers so gay;

The shadows from the trees that fall

On the bright summer day.

I see the playful lambs in spring,That frisk about so free;I hear the little birds that singUp in the old oak tree.



What blessings hath my Father givenTo such a child as I!And, better still, bright hopes of heaven,My soul to satisfy.

Glory to Thee, my God, my King,
For all Thy love to me;
Teach me, while yet a child, to bring
My grateful heart to Thee.
F. P.



THE RAIN CONCERT.

MILLIONS of tiny rain-drops
Are falling all around;
They're dancing on the house-tops,
They're hiding in the ground.

They are fairy-like musicians,
With anything for keys,
Beating tunes upon the windows,
Keeping time upon the trees.

A light and airy treble

They play upon the stream;

And the melody enchants us,

Like the music of a dream.

A deeper bass is soundingWhen they're dropping into caves;With a tenor from the zephyrs,And an alto from the waves.

Oh, 'tis a stream of music,
And Robin "don't intrude,"
If, when the rain is weary,
He drops an interlude.

It seems as if the warbling
Of the birds in all the bowers
Had been gathered into rain-drops,
And was coming down in showers.

ANON.



"LITTLE TODDLES."

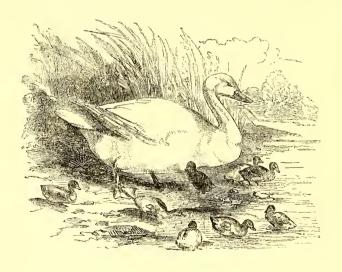
EVERY morning, over the green,
Bob and his dear little Jane are seen,
Wending their way to the cottage there,
Where grandpa sits in his old arm-chair.

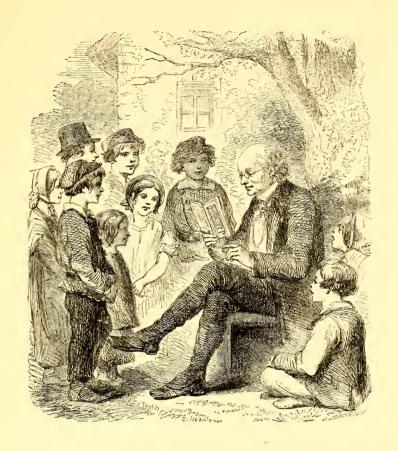
Punctual as morn they go together,
Though wet the day, or cold the weather:
Nothing shall harm Bob's sister dear
While her kind brother's hand is near.

And the old man throws his stick aside,
And fondles his darling with love and pride
And seems as pleased as a man can be,
With his "little Toddles" on his knee.

And the child—she crows, and runs to meet Her grandpa dear in his ancient seat; And which is the happier of the two I'm sure I cannot tell—can you?

S. W. P.





THE PRETTY TALE.

A KIND old man is Walter Gill;
And oft, on summer evening still,
Beneath his favourite tree,
He round him calls a youthful crowd,
And reads them pretty tales aloud,
As long as he can see.

And Harry leaves his trap and ball;
And Robert stays to hear it all,
Devouring every word:
Jane hears the village clock no more;
And Mary's aunt, at yonder door,
Shouts to the girl unheard.

What read you, Walter; let me know
What chains your little audience so?
And pretty pictures too!
Oh yes, I see: 't were strange indeed
Were they not pleased to hear you read
"The Band of Hope Review."





THE CHURCHYARD.

"LOOK, mother, what a tiny grave Beneath that spreading tree: 'Tis scarcely half so long as those That scattered round we see."

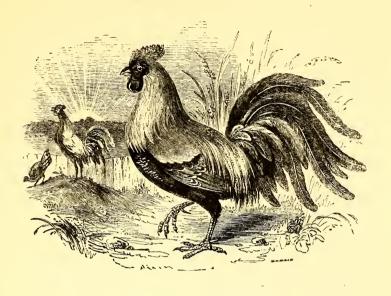
"It is a little grave, 'tis true,
And teaches us, my dear,
That children die as young as you,
For babes lie buried here.

"The little grave may well remind
How soon we pass away:
The old, we know, must shortly die,
And e'en the youngest may.

"Then let us early turn to God,
And early love His word;
That so our souls may rise to heaven,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord."

s. w. p.





EARLY RISING.

"Up, up," cries the wakeful Cock,
"Did you not hear the village clock?
I have been up for an hour or more,
Crowing aloud at the stable door.
Dobbin has gone with the boy to plough,
Betty has started to milk the cow;
Sure there is plenty for all to do,
And all are up, young friend, but you."

"Up, up," cries the soaring Lark,
"Only sleep, my young friend, in the dark.
Oh, let it never, never be said,
You wasted the morning hours in bed.

Out of the window glance your eye,
And see how blue is the morning sky;
Open the casement, your slumber spare,
And smell how fresh is the morning air."

"Up, up," cries the busy Sun,

"Is there no work, little friend, to be done?

Are there no lessons to learn, I pray,

That you lie dozing the hours away?

Who would give light to the world below,

If I were idly to slumber so?

What would become of the hay and corn,

Did I thus waste the precious morn?"

"Up, up," cries the buzzing Bee,
"There's work for you, as well as for me.
Oh, how I prize the morning hour,
Gathering sweets from the dewy flower!
Quick comes on the scorching noon,
And darksome night will follow soon;
Say, shall it chide for idle hours,
Time unimproved, and wasted powers?"

[Extracted, by permission, from "Rhymes worth Remembering,"]

65



SONG OF THE LABOURER.

GIVE me the clear, fresh water
That sparkles in the sun;
There's nothing like it to refresh,
When work has to be done.

I'll take my basket in my hand,And sit beside the brook,And while I eat my humble mealMy heart to God shall look.

I'll bless Him that He keeps my soul,And for my wants provides;And gives me, with His many gifts,A sober mind besides.

F. P.





THE SEA SHORE.

What music there is in the sea's wild roar;
The threatening waves, how grand,
As they break into foam on the rocky shore,
Or dash on the yielding sand.

How lonely it looks, and how far away,

The place where it meets the sky;

I think I could stand a whole summer's day

As the beautiful waves roll by.

On the sands, and the rocks, and the pebbly beach,
What delicate shells I see;
As far as the tide can come they reach,
Washed up by the waves for me.

All these, though so small and so finely made,
Are the work of God's mighty hand,
Who the depths of the sea in order laid,
And stretched out the pathless sand.

There's nothing too small for His gracious care,
And nothing beyond His might;
His wonderful works with one voice declare
How great is the Lord of light.

And this is the Lord who so gently calls

Poor children to love His name;

Dear Lord! I would low at Thy footstool fall,

And Thy power and grace proclaim.

F. P.



ROBIN REDBREAST.

Pretty Robin Redbreast,

Hopping in the snow,

Why are you so early here,

I should like to know?

Did Mrs. Redbreast send you, pray,

To get a dainty crumb,

And bid you bring your little ones

A tiny morsel home?

No, poor Robin Redbreast;

While 'tis winter stern,

No fond mate nor little ones

Wait for your return:

Not till leafy summer comes

Will they glad your nest,

Leaving you, these dreary months,

Friendless and unblest.



Faithful Robin Redbreast!

With returning spring

Soon the birds will come again

To glitter or to sing.

But, though some have gayer coats,
Some a sweeter song,
You, friend Robin, stay with us
All the winter long.

Come, then, Robin Redbreast,
Prythee do not fear;
No rude boy is standing by,
No sly pussy near.
Come nearer to the window, friend,
For safely you may come:
There, eat your fill, and take, beside,
A tiny morsel home.

S. W. P.



ON A SUNDAY MORNING.

On a Sunday morning

How pleasant 'tis to hear

The church bells chiming merrily,
So musical and clear.

As I, musing, listen,
Thus they seem to say—

"Little Mary, come to church,
Come to church to-day."

Down the daisied meadow,

Up the leafy lane,

From each homestead gathered,

Comes a swelling train.

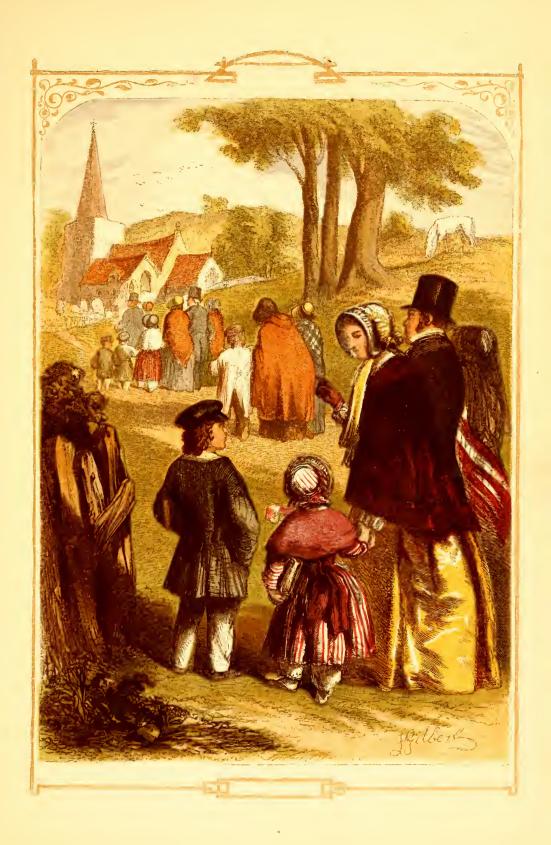
Mary, too, is coming,

With the rest to pray,

Where the bells still tinkle

"Come to church to-day."

S. W. P.







WHAT DOES THE WATCH SAY?

"Come hither, little grandchild,
And sit upon my knee,
And tell me what this pretty watch
Is whispering unto thee?"

"Oh yes, grandpa, I hear it—
How very soft and quick!
But—let me listen once again—
It only says 'Tick, tick!'"

"Ah, child, I'm not so youthful,
And to my mind it says—
How very fast the minutes fly,
How fleeting are our days!

"The hours so swiftly flying—
Let's use them as we may;
Those who to-morrow hope for heaven,
Should think of heaven to-day."

S. W. P.

THE SABBATH DAY.

It is Sunday evening now,
Soon its hours will be no more;
Have I sought this day to grow
More like Jesus than before?

Have I loved the Lord's own day
As His pardoned children do,
When I knelt with them to pray,
Was my heart among them too?



What so sweet as prayer and praise?

When from children's hearts they come,
What so pleasant as the ways
Leading to my Father's home?

Happy Sunday—if we love
Him whose holy day it is;
Peace descending from above
Fills the heart that would be His.

OLD JACK, THE DONKEY.

Old Jack was as sleek and well-looking an ass
As ever on common munched thistle or grass;
And—though 'twas not gaudy, that jacket of
brown,—

Was the pet of the young and the pride of the town.

And indeed he might well look so comely and trim,

When his young master, Joe, was so gentle to him;

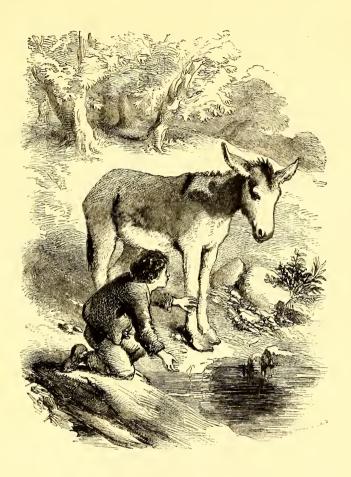
For never did child more affection beget

Than was felt by young Joe for his four-footed pet.

Joe groomed him and fed him, and, each marketday,

Would talk to his darling the whole of the way;
And Jack before dawn would be pushing the door,
As though he would say, "Up, Joe; slumber no
more."

One day Jack was wandering along the road-side, When an urchin the donkey maliciously eyed; And aiming too surely at Jack a sharp stone, It struck the poor beast just below his shin bone.



Joe soothed and caressed him, and coaxed him until

They came to a stream by the side of the hill;

And with the cool water he washed the swoll'n limb,

And after this fashion kept talking to him:-

"Poor Jack, did they pelt him—the coward, so sly!

I wish I'd been there, with my stick, standing by: It does n't bleed now—'twill be well in a trice; There, let me just wash it—now is n't that nice?"

And Jack nestled down with his soft velvet nose,
As close as he could, under Joe's ragged clothes;
And he looked at his master, as though he would
say—

"I'm sure I can never your kindness repay."

S. W. P.





SPARE THE NEST.

Go back, cruel Thomas, go back to the wood,
And don't take the bird's nest away;
Replace on the bough the young shivering brood,
And pity and mercy obey.

What pains the old birds must have taken to weave

The wool, and the moss, and the hair!
You surely could never such innocence grieve,
Nor rob the industrious pair.

To seek for their young a nice morsel or two

They just round the corner have flown;

Oh say, shall they find, thoughtless Thomas,
through you,

Their home and their little ones gone?

Suppose some strong giant should climb up, and steal

Your mother's young Thomas, so dear,
What pangs you may guess her fond bosom would
feel

When her darling no longer was near.

Then go, cruel Thomas, go back to the wood,

And spare the poor parents their pain;

Replace on the bough the young shivering brood,

And never go nesting again.

s. w. p.



PLEASANT SOUNDS.

I LOVE to see the crystal brook
Go rippling o'er the stones;
Upon its mossy banks to look,
And hear its soft, low tones.

I love to hear the evening breeze
The willow branches shake,
The buzz that underneath the trees
The busy insects make.

The birds that sing themselves to sleep,

The leaves that gently fall,

The distant bleating of the sheep,—

There's music in them all.

If earthly music sounds so sweet,
What must the heavenly be,
Where harpers harp, before Thy seat,
Glory and praise to Thee!

I never heard the angels' voice,

I never learned their song;

But if I make the Lord my choice,

It will be mine ere long.

F. P.





GENEROSITY.

To give up to others

The things that I love,—
This grace, if I have it,

Must come from above.

'Tis easy to give

What we don't care about,
But true self-denial

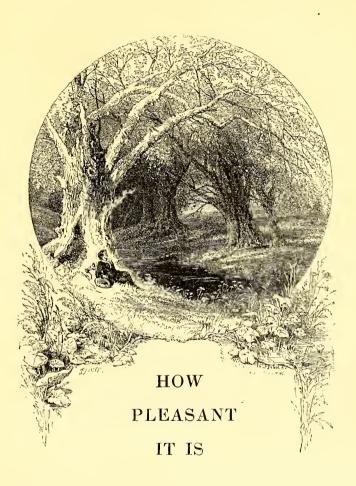
Is harder, no doubt.

Most children by nature
Love best to receive,
But we know who has said,
"'Tis more blessed to give."
His blessing goes with it,
His smile of sweet peace:
Dear Lord, if I have it,
This spirit increase.

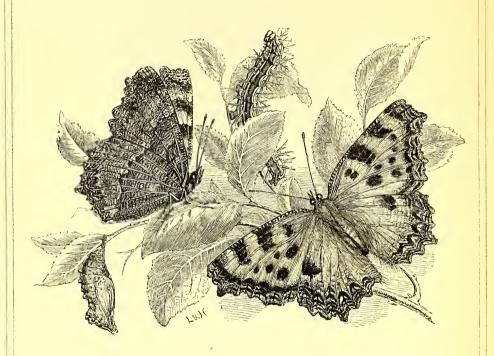
The things that I long for,

My own self to please,
I want to be willing
To give up all these.
Far sweeter and better
The peace Thou wilt give;
When earthly joys wither
My pleasures shall live.
F. P.

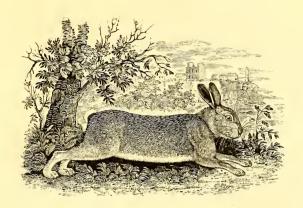




How pleasant it is in the woods to lie, While the scorching sun is in the sky, And the leafy branches overhead Arch over the streamlet's pebbly bed. And the dappling shadows, creeping slow, O'er all the landscape come and go,
And the merry sunlight struggles down
Between the beechen foliage brown.



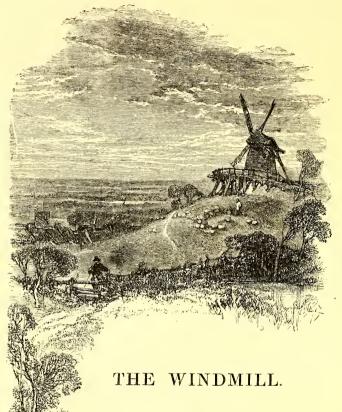
And up and down, in the gentle breeze,
The gnats are dancing beneath the trees,
And the laden bee booms by in haste,
And the butterflies go twinkling past.



And the blackbird sings his clear loud song In the echoing woods the whole day long, And the timid rabbit stops in fear, Lest danger lurk in the brambles near.

How pleasant thus to rest awhile
From city noise and city toil,
And thus in the cool dim woods to lie,
When the scorching sun is in the sky.

S. W. P.



Busily, busily,
Turn the sails—
Never they linger,
Unless the wind fails.
Small must the breeze be
They cannot use;
Who ever saw them
Their labour refuse?

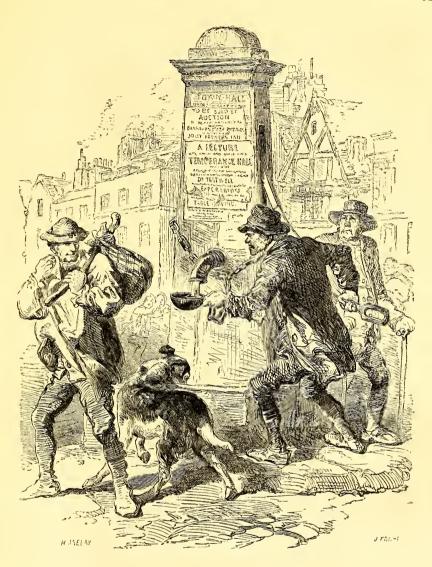
While they are turning-Their work to fulfil, Many a lesson I learn from the mill. Learn to use gladly All means in my way, Thankful to labour While it is day. F. P.



THE TOWN PUMP.

A Pump in olden time, so says tradition, Thus vaunted loudly of its high position.

"With wide-spread hands I cry by night and day, Come, freely drink, my friends, and nothing pay. Brew malt and hops, press from the purple vine The luscious juice, no liquor is like mine. With iron goblet fastened round my waist. As cup-bearer, I stand—draw near and taste. In summer's heat behold me cool and steady; Come thirst and fire, to quench them I am ready. Town-clerk am I, with placards of each meeting; Clerk of the peace too, by my sober greeting. Here comes a friend, his shoes with dust bespread, A draught will ease his heart, and clear his head. Now stand aside, for that poor thirsty sot, Alas! strong drink has made him burning hot. My cup I offer him with right good-will; Draw near, poor thirsty soul, and drink thy fill: Nor beer, nor brandy, that some call a blessing, Is half so healthy, grateful, and refreshing. Another comes—the gout is in his toe; My cooling liquor never served him so! Is that you, Jowler, just beneath the spout? Speak truly,—Did you ever feel the gout? I fancy not—a lesson for deep thinkers— Dogs have no gout, for they are water-drinkers. But hark! afar is heard a mingled humming, Boys, girls, and sheep and cattle—all are coming.



Well—let them freely come, however pressing,
And I will freely give them all a blessing."
This moral learn, or parent, son or daughter:
The wine of health, and strength, and peace, is—water.

BE KIND TO THE POOR.

WE should always help the poor,
Gladly, freely, when we can,
And should never shut the door
'Gainst a needy aged man.

See, the dust upon his feet,

Tells of many a weary mile:

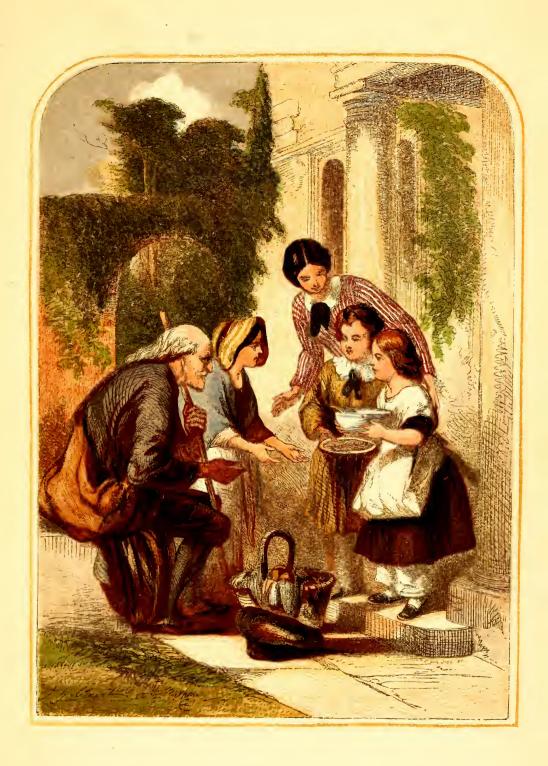
Here, good father, come and eat,

Sit you down and rest awhile.

Hasten not, the day is young;
Eat, and drink, and rest, your fill,
Presently you'll be more strong,
For th' ascent of yonder hill.

So you're up and off once more,
God, then, speed you on your way;
And when next you pass our door,
Mind you call and say good day.

S. W. P.







THE FALL.

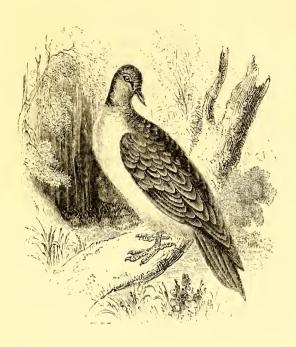
ADAM and Eve in Eden dwelt,
And passed their happy days
In love and innocence and peace,
In child-like prayer and praise.
In Eden's garden grew one tree
Of which they might not eat,
Though every other herb and fruit
Was given to them for meat.

Now Satan's cruel heart was grieved
Their happiness to see,
And so he tempted them to eat
Of the forbidden tree.
Like a wise serpent he appeared,
And told a wicked lie;—
He said that they might eat thereof,
And yet they should not die.

Eve first look'd at the pleasant fruit,
And then she touched and took:
Oh how much misery has come
From that one foolish look!
Then Adam, too, did take and eat:
Although full well he knew
That God had said "Thou shalt not eat,"
He thought the Devil true.

But when they heard the voice of God,
Whom they had disobeyed,
They hid themselves among the trees
Because they were afraid;
And then God said that they should die
For that which they had done;
But, promised them a better life
Through Jesus Christ His Son.

м. м.



BE DOVE-LIKE.

- "Be ye harmless as doves."
- "Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted."

I MUST kind and gentle be,

If I would my Father please,

For I know He loves to see

Children bearing fruits like these.

Nothing selfish or unkind

Can before my Father come;

I must have His children's mind,

If I seek His children's home.

No more angry thoughts or rude

Are allowed to enter there;

We shall seek each other's good,

And each other's pleasure share.

When these evil thoughts I feel—
As alas! I often do—
Lord, thy tender love reveal;
Surely Thou wilt conquer so! F. P.





CONTENTMENT.

When clouds of evil temper
And angry discontent,
Come up instead of praises
For all the Lord has sent;

When He looks down from heaven
And sees such things as these,
Is this the way for children
That gracious Lord to please?

My home, with all its pleasures,

The friends I love so well,

The mercies round about me,

More than my tongue can tell,—

All these He freely gives me,

And watches round my head;

And asks, in tender mercy,

A grateful heart instead.

How wonderful His goodness,

To care for children's love!

I long, to such a Father,

A grateful child to prove.

I long to praise Him daily,

With heart, and looks, and voice;

For thus His little children

With angels may rejoice.

F. P.



ONE OF THE LIVERPOOL "MELLY" FOUNTAINS

WATER, BRIGHT WATER!

(Written after hearing one of Mr. J. B. Gough's Orations.)

Beautiful water! sparkling and bright, Brilliant in beauty, and radiant with light, Oh, how I love thee, beautiful, free; Water, bright water, pure water for me. Always so beautiful, seeming so brave,
In the ocean's wild roar, or the tempest-toss'd wave;
Yet soothing, soul-calming, so gently thou'lt flow
'Neath willows, where cowslips and violets grow.

Beautiful always, in soft sun-lit showers,
Or sparkling like diamonds in jessamine bowers,
Adorning the lily, or kissing the rose,
Or in the bright tulip-cup finding repose.

Always so beautiful! filling the air
With soft feathery flakes so pure and so fair,
Or wreathing a glare round the bright silver moon:
Magnificent, sparkling, thou Heaven's own boon.

Beautiful, beautiful, always so fair;
In soft southern climes, or the keen northern air,
In the fountain's pure streams, or the avalanche
Beautiful always in every land. [grand,

Beautiful either on Afric's parch'd sands, Or bound in the iceberg of far distant lands, For ever I'll love thee, so bright, pure and free; Water, clear water, bright water for me!

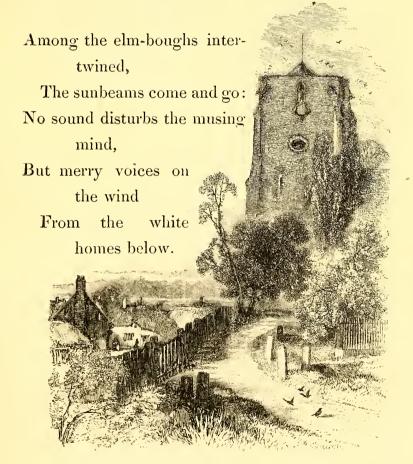
THE TABLET ON THE WALL.

Tall and grey is the old church tower High on the breezy hill:

The churchyard blooms with many a flower;

There one might spend a pleasant hour,

It is so lone and still.



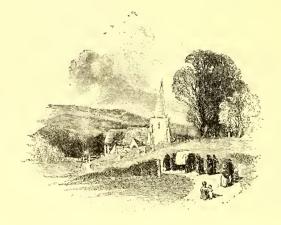
Alas! along that walk so gay,
Where birds, the morning long,
Do hop about; one summer day
I saw a coffin, small and grey,
Borne to the porch along.

Solemn and sad was the parting knell,

Nor few were the weeping eyes,
As they laid her in death's narrow
cell;

Yon tablet on the wall will tell
Where little Mary lies.

S. W. P.





THE COBWEB.

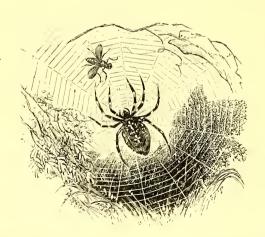
Oн, how pretty! Come and see
The cobweb hanging from the tree,
How fine it is; how regular
The threads that make its ladders are!
And how the dew, like shining beads,
Hangs trembling on the slender threads!

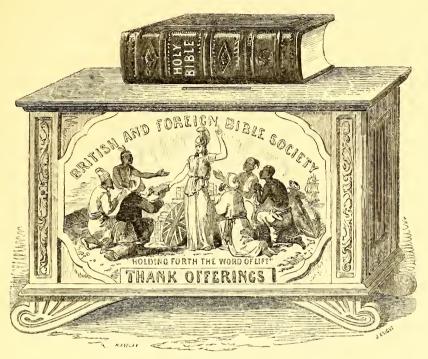
But, how sad! Poor little fly, You've sought that pretty home to die, Its beauty tempted you; you thought, Before the film your wings had caught, It was a pleasure palace; you
Were cheated by the sparkling dew.

See, the spider comes apace,
To seize you in his death's embrace;
Ah, how you struggle to be free;
I cannot bear your pain to see.
Would I could save you, pretty fly,
But, 'tis too late, for you must die.

Let me try to bear in mind
Your fate, when snares in life I find;
Though they beautiful may be,
With all that most entices me,
Let me turn my foot away,
Lest I be the tempter's prey.

F. P.





ON SEEING THE BIBLE SOCIETY'S NEW COLLECTING BOX.

It must have been sweet music
That woke the still starlight,
When angels sang of Jesus,
On the first Christmas night.

And now the gracious message
By men is borne to men;
A child may swell the chorus
That angels joined in then.

F. P.

A CRADLE HYMN.

Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended Than the Son of God could be, When from heaven He descended, And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard the Saviour lay,
When His birth-place was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.



Blessed babe! what glorious features,
Spotless, fair, divinely bright!
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight?

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the horn'd oxen fed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying, Save my dear from endless flame, Bitter groans and endless crying, That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,

Trust and love Him all thy days;

Then go dwell for ever near Him,

See His face and sing His praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire!

WATTS.



HOLY BIBLE.

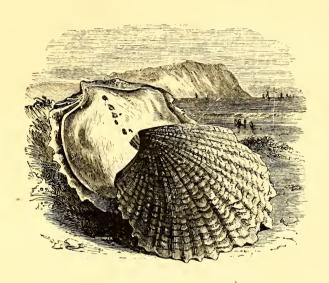
Holy Bible, Book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came,
Mine to teach me what I am.

Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Saviour's love; Mine art thou to guide my feet; Mine to judge, condemn, acquit. Mine to comfort in distress;
Mine to lead to promises;
Mine to warn of sinners' doom;
Mine to show that doom to shun.

Mine to show the living faith;
Mine to triumph over death;
Mine to tell of joys to come;
Mine to bring an earnest home.

Mine to point me out the road; Mine to lead my heart to God. Oh! thou precious Book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine.





A STROLL ON THE BEACH.

The tide is low, the sands are dry,
And not a cloud is in the sky;
Come, let us stroll along the beach,
And learn what cliffs and shells can teach.

And you, too, Rover, must not stay Within-doors, such a pleasant day; So come and frisk upon the strand, And shower, on all around, the sand.

Or if, as, Rover, you're so brave,
You choose to breast the swelling wave,
I beg you'll not too boisterous be,
Nor shake your dripping coat on me.

Look here, Mamma, what pretty shells, Fossils and ores, this poor lad sells: Well, I should like a shell or two, And this strange sea-egg, Jane, for you.

Here, my poor friend—nay, yours it is— For these and those, and this, and this: They'll be memorials of this day, When Jane and I are far away.

And they will be memorials, too,
Of what my conscience bade me do
To help the mean and aid the poor,
From out my small though larger store.

Good bye. Now, Rover, for a run:
I knew, my boy, you loved the fun.
And now afar I'll fling my stick:
Go, fetch it, Rover; bring it quick.

S. W. P.







INTEMPERANCE.

I saw a little girl
With half uncovered form,
And wondered why she wandered thus,
Amid the winter storm.

They said her mother drank
What took her sense away,
And so she let her children go
Hungry and cold all day.

I saw them lead a man
To prison for his crime,
Where solitude, and punishment,
And toil divide the time.



And as they forced him through the gate
Unwillingly along,
They told me 'twas Intemperance
That made him do the wrong.

I saw a woman weep

As if her heart would break;



They said her husband drank too much Of what he should not take.

I saw an unfrequented mound
Where weeds and brambles wave:
They said no tear had fallen there;
It was a drunkard's grave!



They said these were not all

The risks th' intemperate run,

For there was danger lest the soul

Be evermore undone.

Water is very pure and sweet,
And beautiful to see,
And since it cannot do us harm,
It is the drink for me.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.



"I like to see a good supply of sparkling water on the counters of offices and houses of business; many a visit to the public-house is thereby prevented."—Dr. Ellis.

AN INFANT'S HYMN.



The Moon is very fair and bright,

And also very high,

I think it is a pretty sight,

To see it in the sky;

It shone upon me where

I lay,—

It seemed almost as bright as day.

The stars are very pretty too,

And scattered all about,—

At first there seem'd a very few,

But soon the rest came out;

I am sure I could not count them all,

They were so very bright and small.

The Sun is brighter still than they,

He blazes in the skies,

I dare not turn my face that way,

Unless I shut my eyes;

Yet, when he shines, our hearts revive,

And all the trees rejoice and thrive.

God made and keeps them every one

By His great power and might;

He is more glorious than the Sun,

And all the stars of light;

And when we end our earthly race,

The pure in heart shall see His face. F. P.





TO MY GRANDCHILD.

Do no sinful action,
Speak no angry word,
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.

Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.

There's a wicked spirit

Watching round you still,

And he tries to tempt you

To all harm and ill.

But ye must not hear him,

Though 'tis hard for you

To resist the evil,

And the good to do.

Christ is your own Master,

He is good and true,

And His little children

Must be holy too.

A





EVENING PRAYER.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me!

Bless thy little lamb to-night!

Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light!

All this day Thy hand has led me,—
O, I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,—
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven!

Bless the friends I love so well!

Take me, when I die, to heaven,

Happy there with Thee to dwell!

M. L. DUNCAN.

SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

God, who hath made the daisies,
And every lovely thing;
He will accept our praises,
And hearken while we sing.
He says (though we are simple,
Though ignorant we be),
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

Though we are young and simple,
In praise we may be bold;
The children in the temple,
He heard in days of old.
And if our hearts are humble,
He says to you and me,
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

He sees the bird that wingeth Its way o'er earth and sky; He hears the lark that singeth Up in the heaven so high. But sees the heart's low breathings, And says (well pleased to see),



"Suffer the little children, And let them come to Me."

Therefore we will come near Him,
And solemnly we 'll sing;
No cause to shrink, or fear Him,
We'll make our voices ring;
For in our temple speaking,
He says to you and me,
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me." E. P. H



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The Editor of the "BRITISH WORKMAN" begs to return his best thanks for the numerous letters of approval which have been so kindly forwarded to him. In publishing the following selections, he is desirous of enlisting the co-operation of all classes in extending the circulation. The "BRITISH WORKMAN" was not commenced as a commercial speculation, but from a desire to promote the welfare of the labouring classes, and has hitherto been attended with a heavy pecuniary loss.

From His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Lambeth, May 15th.

Dear Sir,—I have to thank you for making me acquainted with the "British Workman," a publication which seems to be admirably suited to its purpose, if it can possibly be supported; but it is got up in a style so far superior to its price, that I am afraid that the projector will be obliged to discontinue it before it has reached the circulation which it ought to attain.* I hope that so much promise may not be nipped in the bud, and am, dear Sir,

Your faithful servant,

* If 100 copies be circulated monthly in 1000 parishes, the paper can be con-

From THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

tinued without loss.

DEAR MR. S.—I heartily wish you success with your new undertaking, the "British Workman." It seems admirably calculated to produce the best effects among all the operative classes. I trust that every Master, Manufacturer, and Employer of labour will give you the support and encouragement you so well deserve.

Yours very faithfully,

From the Right Hon. the EARL of ABERDEEN.

I AM obliged to you for the copy of the "British Workman" which you have had the goodness to send me. I think it well calculated to effect the laudable object you have in view, and very sincerely wish you success.

aberdun

From The Right Hon. the EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

Dear Sir,—I heartily concur in the commendations which have been bestowed on the "British Workman," and I beg you will place my name on the subscribers' list. The artistic taste with which it is got up, and its excellent moral tendency, make it eminently calculated to produce an elevating and beneficial effect on the labouring classes of England.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

Mbemarle

From the Right Hon. LORD PANMURE.

I THANK you very much for the copy of the "British Workman" which you have so kindly sent to me.

I sincerely trust that it may receive, not only from the working classes, but from their employers, all the encouragement which such a publication merits; and, for one, I heartily wish it every success.

Sammure

From The Right Honorable the EARL OF KINTORE.

THE Editor of the "British Workman" has my full liberty to add my name to the list of those who have already given it their sanction.

Hintnep

From the Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP of LINCOLN.

THE "British Workman" is very well got up—interesting in matter as well as sound in principle. I shall be glad to learn that it has reached a large circulation.

I Sinch

From the Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP of RIPON.

I shall be glad if the Editor of the "British Workman" will send me copies of that publication regularly, for I think it exceedingly well adapted to its object, and I wish for the opportunity of circulating it among the labouring-classes around me.

G.J. Shipen

From the Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP of CARLISLE.

I am glad to have this opportunity of acknowledging the excellence of your publication, the "British Workman." The numbers, if possible, improve as they come out. I cordially wish you success.

St. Montey Varliele

From the Hon. ARTHUR KINNAIRD, M.P., London.

The interest which you have long manifested in the prosperity of the working-classes in England has already obtained for you the cordial wishes of many of their best friends for the success of the "British Workman." Allow me, then, to express my hope that your valuable periodical will become more and more known in Scotland, among a population, who, by their intelligence, are fully capable of appreciating such a publication.

alkinewird

From the Very Rev. the DEAN OF CARLISLE.

SIR,—Amidst so much that is trashy, and so much that is wicked, in the ephemeral publications of the day, it is refreshing to turn to the pages of the British Workman, assured that in them not only shall we find nothing offensive to good taste, morals, or religion,—but much that is calculated to benefit both the heads and hearts of those for whom it is especially written. It has my cordial support.

Troner Clon Deen Harrish

From the Right Hon. SIR JOHN PARINGTON, M.P.

ACCEPT my thanks for your attention in sending me a bound copy of all the numbers of your interesting and benevolent publication, the British Workman, for the last two years.

I have been most favourably impressed by the single numbers which I have occasionally seen, and that impression is now more than con-

firmed.

You have my best wishes for continued and increased success, and I hope you will receive the best reward of your philanthropic exertions by knowing that the *British Workman* is widely circulated amongst the labouring classes.

____/

From the Rev. CANON STOWELL, M.A., of Manchester.

The specimens of the "British Workman" which I have seen are excellent, and entitle it to a wide circulation among the class for whom it is specially designed. It is lively without being light, and solid without being dull. Manufacturers and employers generally would do well to diffuse it amongst their workpeople.

Mughstonell

From the Rev. Dr. Marsh, of Beckenham.

When the potsherds of the earth shall have done their work of judgment, and when the pious of the earth shall have done their work of mercy, I could envy the man who had been the author of the "Band of Hope Review," and the "British Workman." To British workmen we owe innumerable conveniences, innumerable comforts, and they are worthy of their reward. In addition to their wages, I do not know what better reward their employers could give them than a copy of the "British Workman."

Immarch. De

From the Rev. W. Holdenness, Chaplain of Portland Prison.
The "British Workman" and the "Band of Hope Review" are
great favourites with my unfortunate flock, and must demand the best
wishes, support, and sympathy of all friends of the human race.

me Holdernell Chaptain

From the Rev. J. C. MILLER, M.A., Birmingham.

I am very much pleased with your "British Workman," and shall take care that it has a place on the table of my Working Men's Reading-room. The prospect of a large influx of cheap papers, under the altered state of the law, renders it more than ever a matter of vital importance that instructive and entertaining literature, of a wholesome kind, should be multiplied. The press is evidently destined to occupy no mean place in the education of our masses.

Mmc Griles

Incumbent of St. Martin's, Birmingham.

From the Rev. J. B. Owen, M.A., St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row. I think your "British Workman perfectly admirable, alike in type, style, sentiment, and pictorial illustration.

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Chafterburg

From the Right Honorable M. T. BAINES, M.P. It appears to me that the "Band of Hope Review" is likely to do much good, and I very cordially wish it success.

a Marie.

From the Rev. Hugh Stowell, M.A., Manchester.

The "Band of Hope Review" is in my judgment well fitted to supply the masses with wholesome mental and moral aliment. It is simple, vigorous, and interesting. The Lord speed your efforts.

Shigh Howell

From the Rev. W. W. Champneys, M.A., Rectory, Whitechapel, London.

I have watched the character of your little periodical with interest and close attention, and am so satisfied of its suitableness to the class and object for which it is intended, that I heartily wish it "God speed." I have already circulated it (and hope to spread it still more) in our schools. You are quite at liberty to make any use you like of this letter.

MMhampneys

From the Rev. SAMUEL MARTIN, Westminster.

l have read with pleasure the "Eand of Hope Review." I think it adapted to real usefulness among the young. I am specially glad to observe, that, in advocating the cause of total abstinence, it is free from that uncharitable spirit and that intemperate language by which some of the advocates of temperance have both injured themselves and thrown back their cause. Sincerity with meekness, and brotherly-kindness with firmness, are combinations of qualities essential to the successful advocacy of such a cause as that to which your energies are so disinterestedly consecrated. I will do what I can to circulate your "Review," and desire heavenly wisdom for your guidance and the Divine benediction on your labours.

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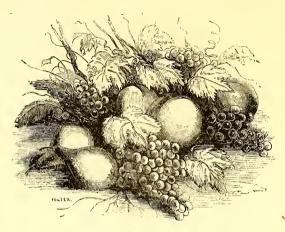
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